The Kamily Circle.

THE SOUL'S ANSWER.

" Abide in Mc, and I in you." That mystic word of Thine, O sovereign Lord!
Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me;
Weary of striving and with longing faint,
I breathe it back again, O Lord! to Thee.

Abide in me, I pray, and I in Thee, From the good hour, O! leave me never more.
Then shall the discord cease, the wound be The life-long bleeding of the soul be o'er.

Abide in me—o'ershadow by Thy love Each half-formed purpose and deep though of sin; Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire, And keep my soul as Thine, pure and divine.

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay Pervades it with a fragrance not its own— So when Thou dwellest in a mortal soil All heaven's sweetness seems around

The soul alone, like a neglected harp, Grows out of tune, and needs Thy hand

Divine; Dwell Thou within it, tune and touch the Till every note and string shall answer Thine.

Abide in me: there have been moments pure When I have seen Thy face, and felt Thy

Then evil lost its grasp, and passion hushed, Owned the divine enchantment of the hour

These were but seasons beautiful and rare:
Abide in me—and they shall ever be;
I pray Thee now fulfil my earnest prayer,
Come and abide in me, and I in Thee!

THE CHILDREN'S JOURNEY. 5

"Whew! mother, how cold it is," said Charlie Foster, as he ran in from school, one December afternoon. "I declare," he proceeded, as he balanced himself on one foot before the glowing stove, "my feet are so numb that it is a wonder that I ever reached home. I shall have to do like Uncle John's turkeys, draw up one foot at a time, to get it warm; don't you remember, Milly, how funny they used to look, standing on the fence that way? You thought they had all been to the war, and had one leg shot off."

"There's a letter for you, Charlie, from New York," said his sister Milly "Where?" said Charlie, cutting short his performances, and gazing around him in every direction.

"On the mantel," answered his **mot**her.

"It's from Cousin Tom, I'll be bound," said Charlie, starting for the mantel in such a hurry that he overturned a chair on the way.

"Yes, it is," he proceeded, as he tore open the envelope and glanced hastily down the page. "Hurrah! say, mother, Tom wants us to come on and spend the Christmas holidays in New York. He says there will be lots of fun, and he will take us both out skating at the Central Park."

mother.

Cousin Ninie," and he tossed a tiny note into his sister's lap.

"Wont you let us go, mother?" to travel alone with Milly.'

"Trust me to travel alone!" said Charlie, drawing himself up with a look of offended dignity; "I guess you forget, mother, that I was thirteen last birthday. Milly is ten, too; she isn't a baby.'

"I'm ever so much over ten," said Milly, looking up from her letter, out. "Wont you please let us go, mother? Ninie says that Uncle William will take us out sleigh riding, and we can go out every day to see the stores; she says they are splendid now."

"Well, I will see, if your father is willing," said Mrs. Foster.

The short winter day soon darkened leaden sky. Charlie and Milly had expected boat was coming. remarked a dozen times that father snow beneath the porch.

No sooner was the door opened than Milly sprang forward, regardless of the snow-covered overcoat, and at all." grasping one cold, gloved hand, commenced, "O, father, mayn't we go to I, to stay till New Year's? Mother look at, while I go out and see again." says we may, if you are willing."

"Mayn't we, father?" chimed in to come. Now do say yes, father?"
"Why, what is all this about?" said Mr. Foster in astonishment; "are the children crazy?"

"Crazy to go, that is certain," said their mother, smiling. "Charlie had he has talked of nothing else since."

"And are you certain you can fravel alone, Charlie?" asked his father. the boat. "Of course; why, father, I am almost as tall as you.

"When you stand on tip-toe, you rogue, I dare say. But how about Milly; isn't she afraid?"

very brave.

dren, and study your lessons well ment, she was seated in the comfortanext week, I will let you try it." ble car, with its red velvet cushions,

for joy, and Charlie, after whistling all shine beyond.

last for pure want of breath.

Now it happened that, this year, Christmas fell on Monday; so, of travellers should start on Saturday. then they entered a flat country, her numerous family of dolls, to accompany her, and was very busy all the week in arranging its wardrobe; but Charlie, having no such family Saturday would never come.

However, the long-expected day dawned at last. Charlie, who had scarcely slept all night, was up long gave a little scream, while the gentlebefore daylight, thundering at the door men all started from their sests and of his sister's room, and shouting, ran out on the platform, to see what Wake up, Milly! you'll be late!

Poor Milly, roused thus suddenly, rubbed her sleepy eyes till she was alone, Milly, while I go outside a sure they were open, and then groped her way down the dark, cold staircase, through the dimly-lighted sitting-room, into the bright, cheerful kitchen, where fire-light and gas-light cast a ruddy glow far out into the snow-covered yard.

By the time she was dressed, the sausages were crackling in the pan, and the red light from the grate was reflected on the white cups and sau never intended to move again,

cers of the breakfast table. **
"Isn't this jolly, Milly?" said Charearly, don't you? Do eat a little dwarf evergreens. faster, that's a good girl; I'm so afraid

"No danger," said his mother, who was busy filling a little basket with Boston, to see my father, and I'm The driver stopped. apples, crackers, doughnuts, &c. "You so afraid we wont get there by Christhad better eat a good breakfast, so as mas." not to be hungry. There," she added, as she handed the basket to Milly, "I think that will last you till dinner time. You will surely reach New York by two o'clock, and I dare say your aunt will have dinner ready for

Their carpet-bag was already packed, and Charlie whirled round on one foot very impatiently, while Milly ad- ing into what Charlie indignantly justed coat, scarf, muff, veil, and called a "snail's gallop." gloves

left of you; I can't see even the tip of been emptied, and she was beginning your nose. Come along, I'm off; to feel very hungry, when the train boat starts at eight o'clock!" and he stopped at a small way-station. caught up the heavy carpet-bag.

with that to the car," said his father, along the road." "No sir!" replied Master Charlie: 'I don't want to be helped, I could carry it if it was twice as heavy."

The last good-bye was spoken, the you buy some?" last kiss given, and the little pilgrims "I think I will," responded Charlie, started on their journey. It was only jumping up; "just wait a minute." a short ride in the passenger-car, but

should be late. No sooner had the car stopped, than he started off on a run for the wharf, carpet-bag and all, leaving Milly to follow as she might. He was discover whether the lead-colored road 'And who may us be?" asked his soon compelled to slacken his pace, beneath her was composed of sand or however, for want of breath, and he dirty snow, turned round with the "Why, Milly and I, of course. had quite enough to do to pilot his question, "Isn't it time for the train Here's a letter for Milly, too, from timid little sister through the throng-

ng crowd at the ferry. river?" said Milly, as she caught the see." "I hardly know what to say, Char- first glimpse; "why it's half coverlie. I am almost afraid to trust you ed with ice. The boat isn't in, either dignation.

we are early." "So we are," said Charlie, with and they are going to put on a new

a sigh of relief. "Let us go into the ferry-room," said Milly; "my feet are almost frozen."

It was rather a cheerless place, that ferry-room, just then; a bare, dirty room, with an old rusty stove in the which she had been slowly spelling middle, the fire just lighted, and only get there at least a week before this tantalizing the half-frozen travellers old concern." who surrounded it, vainly trying to get warm, the floor half covered with bundles of all descriptions, and every- on. body out of patience because the boat did not come in.

After placing Milly as near the fire as possible, and watching the crowd into evening, and soft feathery flakes out of the window for about ten minof snow began to fall from the dull, utes, Charlie sallied out to see if the

In a few moments he returned, with was very late coming home that night, a most dismal look on his round, rosy when at length they caught the sound | face. "O, Milly! what de you think? of footsteps in the side yard, and pre the men outside say that the boat is waiting to receive them. Charle but would save his pennies till he had sently heard him stamping off the stuck fast in the ice in the middle of the river."

Milly's lip quivered, "O, Charlie! I'm afraid well never get to New York

"Yes, we will; I dare say they'll poke the old boat out after a while. New York this Christmas, Charlie and Here's a picture-paper I bought you, to An hour passed away, during which Charlie ran in and out at least a dozen Charlie; "Cousin Tom wants us both times; at length, just as Milly was attacking the doughnuts to console herself, he rushed in, shouting, "Hurrah! she's coming. Hurry up, Milly, and

get aboard! Milly snatched up her basket, and the box containing the precious dolly, a letter from Tom this afternoon, and and taking her brother's hand, was dragged along through the crowd, over the slippery plank, and on board

Away they went, the ice crashing and grinding against the sides of the boat, which Charlie assured his sister was prime fun; then reaching the other side, they hurried over an ex-"Not a bit," said Milly, looking panse of snow-covered ground, into very brave. the long, dark depot, and almost before Well, if you are both good chil-Milly Recovered from her bewilder-

the tunes he could think of, stopped at | For the first few miles, she amused | whose little heaps of stubble, arranged shall we do?" diamond-wise, gave them the appearcourse, it was necessary that the little ance of great brown checker boards; Milly had already selected one, from stretching as far as the eye could reach, covered with yellow grass and dotted with stunted evergreens, whose tops were powdered with snow.

Milly grew rather tired of looking cares to take up his time, thought that at these; her eyelids drooped, and she was just falling asleep, when all at some one over there." once there was a violent jar, and the train stopped. Some of the ladies was the matter.

"Will you be afraid to stay here minute?" asked Charlie.

"No," she answered; "but flon't stay long." Charlie soon came back, reporting,

The old locomotive has run off the track, but nobody's hurt." "Oh, is that all?" said Milly; "well I hope they'll soon get it on again."

Minute after minute passed away

however, and the train seemed as if it "Wouldn't this be a nice place to spend Christmas, Milly?" said Char-

"But there's no Santa Claus to hang

"Don't cry," said Milly, noticing the tears in the blue eyes, "I'll show untying the box.

All their troubles were forgotten, rnd the little girls had just dressed train commenced to move again, very slowly at first, but gradually quicken- ing at?"

It was now past one o'clock; "Dear me, Milly! there's nothing Milly's little basket had long since

"O, o!" groaned Charlie, "I declare "You had better let me help you this train stops at every third house

"Charlie," said Milly, who had been looking out of the window, "it says

- Presently he returned, holding some

Charlie fidgeted all the time lest they thing in a paper. "Mince pies, Milly isn't that jolly? just warm, too-whew take it, quick! it burns my fingers."

The pies soon vanished, and Milly, after trying for the twentieth time to

'Just what I have been thinking "Dear me, Charlie, is that the for the last ten minutes; I'll go and

Back he came, boiling over with in-

"Milly, the locomotive is broken,

"Well, I suppose we will get to New York some time," said Milly, meekly.

"I declare," broke forth Charlie "if we didn't have to go part of the way by water. I'd set out on foot; I'd

All things must come to an end. however, and so, in due time, did their baskets, bandboxes, carpet-bags, and halt at the station, and the train moved "There's the river!" called Milly

> delightedly, as she caught sight of a broad sheet of water. "Yes, and we have to go over

> bridge; I heard a man say so." Milly almost held her breath as they

passed over the slender structure, at the thought that the river was beneath other side, where the steamboat lay was sure that it intended to wait all night before it started; but at length, about the middle of the afternoon, the he saved; the time appeared long, but ponderous wheels commenced to move, he kept to his purpose, and at last and they glided out into the stream.

crowded with passengers that she pretty new pocket-Bible. could not find a seat, so she drew the when she was aroused by the boat

grating against the wharf. They were landed upon a crowded pier, a perfect Babel of men, horses, carts, barrels, boxes, piles, of railroad iron, intermingled with trunks, baskets, and baggage of all descriptions. Milly was almost run over three or four times, till at length a gentleman lifted her up in his strong arms, and bore her out into the street, while Charlie followed with the carpet-bag, picking his way as best he might.

The gentleman, who was in haste to reach another train, hurried away, and they were left alone.

"I wonder where he is?"

herself with watching the com-fields, crowd," said Milly, half crying; "what back on the shelf; "go home and tell

"Ask our way, of course," said Charlie, stoutly; "I wish I could see a policeman."

In vain he looked around. Not a glimpse of a star could he see, except those in the sky overhead, which were just beginning to peer out.

"Well, there is no use in standing here; let us cross the street, and ask The first one he accosted was an

Irish porter. "Can you tell me how to reach Ludlow street?"

"Ludlow street, is it? That's a long way from here. Sure, an' I can hardly tell ye. If ye will cross over by the Battery, and turn into Broadway, I think ye will find some stages that will carry ye there."

Battery and Broadway! Charlie

had not the least idea where either lay. He turned away, with Milly clinging to his hand, and put the same question to a stout old gentleman hurrying by.

"Ludlow street, eh? A pretty long distance for two such chicks to travel. Near what other street do you want to go?"

"Grand street."

"Very well; you see that street lie, taking nearly half a slice of bread lie; "there are hundreds of Christmas over there?" pointing across a wide, at a bite; "I like getting breakfast so trees outside;" and he pointed to the open space. "Those white stages will take you to Grand."

Charlie thanked him, and reaching things on them," said a little gill who the street, hailed a stage going, as it sat just in front. "I want to go to happened, in the opposite direction."

"Does this stage go to Grand street?" "No," shortly answered the driver, who was both cold and cross, and he drove on. Milly, now fairly disheartyou my dolly;" and she commenced ened, commenced to cry aloud, and Charlie stood still, more bewildered than he had ever been in his life.

Just then, a hand was clapped upon dolly for the fourth time, when the his shoulder, and a familiar voice said: "Well, old fellow, what are you look-

J"O, Tom!" exclaimed Charlie, half disposed to cry himself, "I am so glad you have come."

"You see," explained Tom, "there was such a horrible crowd down there that I missed you altogether, and I was just starting for home, thinking that you had not come to-day, when I cought sight of you, looking like the Babes in the Wood. Come along Milly; there's a stage over yonder; and seeing the carpet-bag, he marched Pies' on that house over there. Wont off, followed by the rejoicing little travellers.

Through Broadway, with its bril liantly lighted stores, past the tall spire of Trinity Church, on and on through the glitter and the noise, they passed till at length they reached their destination.

A throng of laughing, shouting cousins met them at the hall-door, and bore them off in triumph to the parlor. Why didn't you come sooner. Charlie?" "O, Milly! we've been watching for you all day!" "Do tell us what kept you so late?"

"Silence! silence!" called mother, after affectionately kissing the strangers. "Come, children, supper is ready."

No second summons was needed: for, as Charlie declared, they were hungry as bears.

Over the pleasant supper-table all their mishaps were recounted at length, amid shouts of laughter, and thus merrily ended the misadventures of the children's journey.—Little Pilgrim.

LITTLE JOHNNY'S FIRST BIBLE. "Happy indeed he who learneth, in a meek and an humble way,

The precepts our Saviour has given, And follows them day by day." Johnny cared little for toy and candy-stores, but he never passed a book-store without wishing that he had money to buy something. He had wanted anything, she had only to many little story-books, but he had no speak, or to point to it, and the foot-Bible that he could call his own, and his great desire was to own one. It was no use, he thought, to ask his mother for one; he was too young. go and get it myselt." His brothers were older before they them; but at length they gained the got theirs. So he thought he would spend no more money on story-books, tage. enough to buy a Bible.

Often he counted over the pennies found that he had five shillings. With

know that you have come to buy a them. "Cousin Tom promised to meet us burst into a flood of tears, tried to When the footman brought her in, loved children and flowers. Milly at once commenced to dance and speeding away into the bright sun- here," said Charlie, looking around; speak, but could not. "I see how it and placed her carefully upon a sofa, great guarled man had a heart as is," said Mr. Knight, putting the five she laid her face on my lap and wept." tender as a woman's.

"He must have missed us in the shillings in his drawer, and the Bible your mother to come and see me." Johnny saw that Mr. Knight con-

sidered him a thief. He ran home, threw himself over his mother's knees writhing and sobbing with grief, and unable to utter a word, til his mother was greatly alarmed lest he had been hurt. At last she understood the words 'Knight-Bible-money-thief." 'What!" said she, "have you been to

Mr. Knight's to buy a Bible, and he thought that you had stolen the money?" "Yes—yes—yes," he sobbed out. She tried to soothe him, and immediately went to see Mr Knight.

Mr. Knight saw that she had been crying, and told her what he had done, and why he did it. She thanked him for his well-meant kindness, but told him how he had mistaken the character of her son, and that it had wellnigh broken his little heart to be mistaken for a thief. She told him of the little boy's love of books, and how he saved his pennies to buy a pocket-Bible, and that the five shillings were indeed his own.

man, was much affected, begged the To number, drop by drop, Thy blood's slow mother's pardon, and asked her to send her son back to him. As soon as he saw Johnny at the door, he took | Not so those women loved, him by the hand and asked him to forgive him, and led him into the store where he told all that had ken.

Who with exceeding grief lamented Thee:
Not so fallen Peter, weeping bitterly:
Not so the thief was moved; store, where he told all that had happened to some gentlemen who were there at the time. He then wrapped up the Bible and gave it to Johnny, kissed him, and returned the rive shillings, saying; "The Bible is yours, read it; and God Almighty bless you. Give the five shillings to your mother, and whenever you want a book come to me. I shall not lose sight of you." And to his dying day the old gentle man was a friend to Johnny.

"Speak gently; like the morning dew, Thy words will rise and shed From pregnant clouds the glorious showers Of blessings on thy head." —Author of "Home Thrusts."

THE DISCONTENTED GIRLS.

Mary Miller went out to take a walk n the fields one Staturday afternoon. She had been to school all the week. and she was very glad to have a nice ramble. She soon left the dusty road, and roamed about the hills. Sometimes she watched the brook, and listened to the singing of the birds. Then she watched the gay butterfly, or ran to pluck some bright flower which met her eye. In a word wherever her light heart prompted her to go, her nimble feet carried

She was near the roadside, when she saw a fine coach pass slowly by. There was in it a little girl about Mary's age. When the young lady wished to stop, the driver checked the horses; and when she wished to go forward, they started at his word. A footman was on the stand behind. If but simply if the patient used it? the girl saw a flower in the field or by the roadside, she had only to speak, do you use tobacco? With a squealand the carriage stopped, while the footman ran to fetch it. Indeed, she ing voice, more cat-like than human, seemed to have no wish ungratified.

feet lost their lightness, her spirits their gaiety, and her face its smiles. She walked gloomily along, and, with pouting lips, she entered her mother's

humble dwelling. "Have you had a pleasant walk,

Mary?" asked her mother. "O, no," said Mary, pettishly; should have enjoyed it very well, but the young lady came along in her carriage, and when I saw how happy she footman to wait upon her, and remembered that I was a poor girl, and must tobacco; and secondly, if he did, he always go atoot and wait upon myself, did not know that a rank and deadly I could hardly help crying. If she poison could have had anything to do wanted anything, she had only to with his case. man instantly ran and brought it to her. But when I saw something I wanted, if it was ever so far off, I must

Her fretful voice was scarcely hushed, when Mrs. Parks called at the cot-

"How did your daughter enjoy her ride this afternoon," said Mrs. Miller to her rich friend. Here it should be told that Helen was lame. She had not walked for three years.

"She would have enjoyed it very Of that long, weary river journey, this sum he started off by himself to well," said the lady, "but just as she Milly remembered little, except that Mr. Knight's book-store, determined came to where she had the finest proshe was very cold, very hungry, and to surprise and please his mother when spect, she saw your little girl skipping a little sleepy. The boat was so he should return and show her his about the fields. She watched her happy movements, as she ran wherever her "Sir, I want to buy a Rible," he fancy led; and when she remembered carpet bag to Charlie's feet, and lay said, as he bounded into Mr. Knight's that she could never enjoy herself brought from Wartburg, and of which ing it on its side, sat down upon it store. "A Bible!" said Mr. Knight. thus, she said she could scarcely keep he was very fond. An ivory crucifix Gradually her head drooped toward "What! can you read in the Bible so from crying. 'You cannot think,' she stood at the table before him. He Charlie's lap, and she was fast asleep, soon?" "Yes, sir." Mr. Knight then said, 'how sad it is to feel that I must worked at his desk days together showed a number of cheap Bibles; but be lifted into the carriage whenever I without going out; but when fatigued, Johnny put them aside, saying: "I wish to take the air; and when I see and the ideas began to stagnate, he want a better. What is the price of a pretty flower, I can never pick it took his guitar with him to the porch. those bound in red morocco with gilt myself, but must wait till some one and there executed some musical fanedges?" "Five shillings," said the can go and fetch it to me. I watched tasy, (for he was a skilful musician, bookseller. "Well," said Johnny, the happy girl for a few minutes, as when the ideas would flow upon him 'give me one of them;" and down she danced so gaily among the flowers; as fresh as flowers after a summer's went his five shillings on the counter. and then ordered the footman to bring rain. Music was his invariable solace Mr. Knight gave him a piercing me a few daisies which grew by the at such times. Indeed, Luther did look, and asked: "Where did you wayside; but I soon threw them not hesitate to say that, after theology, get that money? Does your mother away, for I could not bear to look at music was the first of arts. "Music,"

five-shilling Bible? Are you sure "She then directed the coachman you got those five shillings in a right to drive home, that her feelings might logy, can calm the agitation of the way?" Johnny's heart swelled with no longer be tried by the sight of soul and put the devil to flight pride, grief, and indignation. He pleasure which she could not share. Next to music, if not before it, Luther

Thus we see that each of these girls had enough to make her happy, if she had only learned one of the best lessons—to be contented with the station in which God has placed us.

HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

The monarch, glittering with the pomp of state. Wears the same flesh as those that die of Like them, the worm shall be the loathsome When he resigns his glory to a younger.

The beauty, worshipped by the limner's eye, On whom a hundred suitors gaze admiring Is sister to the hag, deformed, awry, Who gathers in the road her scanty firing.

The scholar, glorying in the stamp of mind, Master of all the wisdom time hath hoarded, is brother to the lumpish, untaught hind,
Whose vulgar name shall perish unrecorded

Therefore, let human sympathies be strong, Let each man share his welfare with his neighbors : To the whole race heaven's bounteous gifts be long; None may live idly while his fellow labors.

CALVARY,

-All the Year Round.

The old gentleman, who was a pious That I can stand, O Christ, beneath thy Cross And yet not weep?

Not so the sun and moon, Which hid their faces in a starless sky, A horror of great darkness at broad noon,-

But seek Thy sheep, true Shepherd of the Greater than Moses, turn and look once more And smite a rock. —Rosetti.

THE DOCTORS AND THE "WEED."

"Doctor," we said to a splendid specimen of the profession, "tell us something about the baneful effects of tobacco." "Its effects, sir," he replied, 'its effects are evil and only evil, and that continually, and it is a perfect mystery, that gentlemen of my pro-fession care so little, and do know so ittle, about a poison that is doing mischief at so terrible a rate.

"Sir," the doctor continued, "I was on a council of physicians, the other day, on the border of this town; the patient was a young man, prostrate by paralysis; he was deprived of the use of his lower limbs from the abdomen to the toe; we overhauled him; we withdrew and talked about antecedents and probable causes, and came to no satisfactory conclusions. Dissatisfied and impatient, I inquired of his attending physician whether the poor fellow used tobacco? 'O, no,' he replied, 'I guess not;' and with an air of nonchalance added, 'What if he does? that can have nothing to do with his case.' 'I did not ask you,' I replied, about the effects of tobacco. Gruffly he said, 'Go and see.' Stepping to his bed-side, I said, 'My friend he answered, 'I use a little.' 'How As Mary looked at the coach, her do you use it?' 'I smoke a little.' 'Did you smoke this morning?' 'Yes. a little.' 'Did you smoke at noon?'
'Yes, a little.' Before I quit his side
I ascertained that he had actually consumed sixteen cigars a day, and the poor fellow's soul was so obfuscated by smoke that he considered that pro-

digious amount but 'little!' "This," continued the doctor, "may seem strange; but the strangest of all is the fact that his attending physicianappeared, with her coachman and her regular and well-bred-did not know, in the first place, that his patient used

> We are indebted to the medical profession for the most effective testimony against this popular poison, hence we have no wish to arraign it and denounce it in wholesale style. But account for it as we may, on the score of selfishness or ignorance, the main body of the profession are mournfully derelict in duty touching the ruinous effects of this great and fashionable narcotic. We have here adduced one fact tending to substantiate this statement; we have other facts; we "have enough of um," as the boy said of the commandments.—Congregationalist.

WHAT LUTHER LOVED.

Luther, when studying, always had his dog lying at his feet—a dog he had said he, "is the art of the prophets; it is the only other art which, like theo-